

A SKELTONICALL SALVTATION,  
OR CONDIGNE GRATVLATION,  
AND IVST VEXATION  
OF THE SPANISHE NATION,  
THAT IN A BRAVADO,  
SPENT MANY A CRVSADO,  
IN SETTING FORTH AN ARMADO  
ENGLAND TO INVADO.



PRINTED  
AT OXFORD BY IOSEPH BARNES,  
*and are to bee sold in Pauls Churchyard, at the  
signe of the Tygres head.*

1589.







A SKELTONICAL  
salutation.



KING of Spaine  
Is it not a paine  
To thy heart and braine,  
And every vaine,  
To see thy traine  
For to sustaine

Withouter gaine  
The worldes disdaine,  
Which doth dispise  
As toies and lies,  
With shoutes and cries  
Thy enterprise,  
As fitter for pies,  
And butter-flies,  
Then men so wise?  
O waspish King,  
Whers now thy sting,  
Thy dart, or sling,  
Or strong bow-string,  
That should vs wzing,  
And vnderbzing,  
Who every way,  
Thee vere and pay,  
And beare the sway  
By night and day,  
To thy dismay,  
In battle aray,  
And every fray?  
O pufte with pride,  
What foolishhe guide  
Made thee provide  
To over-ride  
This lande so wide  
From side to side,



*A Skeltonicall*

And then vntride,  
Away to slide,  
And not to abide,  
But all in a ring  
Away to fling:  
O conquering,  
O vanquishing  
With fast flying,  
And no replying,  
For feare of frying!  
So hurt vs stil,  
As oft as you wil,  
So fight your fil,  
So shew your skil,  
So sincke vs, and sacke vs,  
So burne vs, and wracke vs,  
So cleaue vs, and cracke vs,  
And rent vs, and racke vs,  
Or if you wil remaine  
In Castile, or Spaine,  
And not venture againe,  
Our force to restraine,  
If you so it please,  
You shal take your ease,  
To cure your disease,  
You haue got by the seas.  
And though we be pooze,  
We wil come to your shoze,  
And knocke at your doze,  
As oft heretofore.  
And spare you the cost,  
Which of late you haue lost,  
When as you were test,  
From piller to post,  
To your smal best.  
And cast on the sands,  
And many Ilandes,

*Into*



*Salutation.*

Into your enemies hands,  
And many a rocke,  
With many a knocke,  
For a laughing stocke,  
And a iest, and a mocke.  
But who but Philippus,  
That seeketh to nip vs,  
To rob vs, and strip vs,  
And then for to whip vs,  
Would ever haue ment,  
Or had entent,  
Or hither sent,  
Such ships of charge,  
So strong and so large,  
May the worst barge,  
Trusting to treason,  
And not to reason,  
Which at that season,  
To him was geson,  
As doth appeare,  
Both plaine and cleare,  
To far and neere,  
To his confusion,  
By this conclusion,  
Which thus is framed,  
And must bee named  
*Argumentum à minore,*  
*Cum horrore & timore,*  
If one Drake o,  
One poore snake o,  
Make vs shake o,  
Tremble and quake o,  
Were it not trow yee,  
A madnes for me,  
To vndertake,  
A warre to make,  
With such a lande,



*A Skeltronickall*

That is so mande,  
Wherein there be  
Of certainty,  
As hungrie as he  
Many a thousand more,  
That long full sore  
For Indian golde,  
Which make men bolde?  
But you were blinde,  
As now you finde,  
Till in your kinde  
You haue well tasted  
Howe you are wasted,  
With all your bzaggas,  
Gennets, and nagges,  
And mony bagges:  
Whereof the most  
The Irish cost,  
As a good host,  
Doth now possesse,  
With thankfulness,  
And can no lesse,  
Than the time blesse,  
That you set out,  
And came about,  
With all your route,  
So proude and stoute.  
But wo to the heart,  
That feeling smart,  
For iust desert,  
Groweth worse and worse,  
And God doth curse,  
And cannot repent,  
But keepeth entent,  
Come fire, or seven,  
Come hell, or heaven,  
To vndertake,

With



*Salutation.*

With al he can make,  
A new invasion,  
At the Popes perswasion.  
But Spaniard proud,  
The Lorde hath vowe  
He will defend,  
Unto the end,  
His Church and sheepe,  
That his law keepe.  
Wherefore to be short,  
I thee exhort,  
For thine owne comfort,  
If witte thou haue,  
Thincke him a knaue,  
That doth advise  
Such an enterprize:  
For in this cause,  
Our Faith and Lawes,  
We will sell our liues,  
Our landes, and wiues,  
Too deere for thee,  
When soever it be,  
And ere it be long,  
Make thee sing a song,  
*Deo si scivissem,*  
*Me continuissem,*  
*Et non fecissem.*  
But now Pope blisse him,  
And Mydas kisse him,  
And so I dismisle him,  
To his good Physicion,  
Master Inquisition,  
By whose disposition,  
He taketh the diet,  
That will him disquiet,  
And turne by-side downe,  
(Which woulde make a man frowne)



*A Skeltonicall*

Both kingdome, and crowne,  
And fame and renowne,  
And so sirs valet,  
*Et vobis cavete,*  
*A medicis ignavis,*  
*Chirurgis avaris,*  
*Meretrice Romana,*  
*Insulsa, & insana,*  
*Et factione Guisiana.*  
Except you be so expert,  
That you can convert,  
At your own pleasure,  
Which were a great treasure,  
The Lutheran seas,  
Which doe you displease,  
To be of your faction,  
And ioine in your action.  
O? some way can finde,  
To master the winde,  
O? else so to binde,  
That it be to your minde,  
And then regnate,  
*Et pra gaudio cacate,*  
*Per omnia monasteria monachorum.*



*A Question annexed, touching our  
sea-fishe, nourished with Spanishe  
blood.*



U T now must I  
call  
My contrymen al,  
And you Scotts-  
men tall,  
And Irish rugges,

That were such bugges,  
To the Spanishe pugges,  
As never were seene,  
With your skeynes so keene,  
So bright and cleen.  
To tel you a surmise,  
That of late did rise,  
Which is to advise,  
With the learned, and, wise  
Whether for this yeare,  
It were not best to forbear,  
On such fish to feede,  
Which our coast doth breede,  
Because they are fedde,  
With carcases deade,  
Here and there in the rockes,  
That were full of the pockes.  
For physitions hold,  
As I am tolde,  
Such is our blood,  
Either bad or good,  
In each degree,  
As our alimentes be:  
Whereupon at this season,  
Some make this reason,  
Sith our cods, and our cunger,  
Haue filled their hunger,  
With the heades, and fecte,



Of



*A Question.*

Of the Spanish fleete,  
Which to them were as sweete,  
As a goose to a foxe.  
And seeing the pore,  
Possessed each carkasse,  
From the slaue to the Marquesse,  
No man can awoide,  
But he may be anoide,  
If hee make them his meate,  
Be they little or great:  
Except by some correction,  
Or holosome confection,  
And by art they be so vled,  
That they neede not be refused.  
Wherein the counsell,  
Of those that can tell,  
And in learning excell,  
Woulde doe verie wel.  
But if you enquire,  
Of masse-priest, or frier,  
To heare what they wil chatter  
Concerning this matter,  
They wil answere anon,  
And sweare by Saint Iohn,  
That every one,  
Of the fleete that is gone,  
Was holy and good,  
Both in flesh and blood.  
And therefore obiect,  
That they could not infect,  
Neither fish, nor seas,  
With any disease.  
But leaue to the myre,  
Both priest, and frier,  
Or else to the fire,  
For each is a lyer.  
And touching the question,

Know



*A Question.*

Know this that digestion,  
Wheresoeuer it be found,  
In thinges that be sound,  
Is of such operation,  
That it maketh separation,  
Of the bad from the best,  
And neber doth rest,  
Until in the ende,  
It doth cleane away send,  
That which doth offend.  
And what can be found,  
Either simple or compounde,  
Then a fish more sound:  
Then doubt not I pray you,  
Let nothing dismay you,  
Or trouble, or fray you,  
If fish be wel dressed,  
And your stomackes not oppressed,  
You neede them not detest,  
Howsoeuer they are fedde,  
Or wheresoeuer they are bred,  
For both frogs and snailles,  
And mallardes and quailles,  
Though on poison they feede,  
And many a weede,  
And dangerous see de,  
Both to man and beast:  
Yet sith they them digest,  
They doe no man harme,  
Be they colde or warme.  
Wherefore as is laide,  
Be no more afraide,  
On sea-fish to feede,  
If them thou loue or neede.  
But now I heare one say,  
This question might stay,  
As needelesse and vaine,



*A Question,*

Because it is plaine,  
That the Devil of hell,  
Loved Spaniards so well,  
That he carried them all,  
Both great and small,  
Either dead, or quicke,  
Through thinne and thicke,  
Both body, and soule,  
To his pinnefole,  
And the place appointed,  
For the Popes anointed.

FINIS.







# AD REGEM HISPANVM.

*Cum tua non fuerint heroica facta Philippe,  
Risu digna cano carmine ridiculo.*







## Ad Hispanum.



VI regis Hispanos  
Superbos, & Vanos,  
Crudeles, & insanos  
Multum aberrasti,  
Cum tuos animasti,  
Et bellum inchoasti

Contra Anglos animosos,  
Fortes, & bellicosos,  
Nobiles, & generosos.

Qui te excitavit,  
Proculdubio deliravit,  
Et te fascinavit.

Nam omnes sperabant,

Qui te amabant,  
Ideoque iuvabant,  
Multum te valere,  
Viribus & ære,

Hisque respondere  
Animum generosum,  
Caput tuum annosum,  
Et pectus animosum.

Sed nunc cernentes,  
Et conspicientes,  
Licet dolentes,

Omnes tuas copias  
Redactas ad inopias,  
Migrasse ad Vtopias,  
Stupent, & mirantur,  
Plurimum vexantur,  
Et penè exanimantur.

At *Angli, & Germani,*  
Qui sunt Antihispani,  
Et omnes mente sani,  
De tuâ ruinâ,

Quâ pænâ divinâ,



*Ad Hispanum.*

Turbaris ad ima,  
Valde lætantur,  
Et exhilarantur,  
Sibi que gratulantur,  
Quod stultitia detecta,  
Vitua rejecta,  
Et re infecta,  
Ignominiam nactus,  
Es in fugam actus,  
Et funditus fractus,  
Post tantos clamores,  
Sumptus, & labores,  
Mundi que terrores,  
Sed vestros errores.  
Non sapuisti,  
Inquiunt isti,  
Quando cecinisti,  
Ante victoriam,  
Falsam victoriam,  
Et plane ingloriam:  
Anglos superatos,  
Prorsus subjugatos,  
Et ad vnum enecatos,  
Cum contra conspectis  
Hostibus, & detectis,  
Animis dejectis,  
Illico trepidantes,  
Et minime ovantes,  
Vt animas exhalantes,  
Ob ignis horrorem,  
Qui vobis pavorem,  
Incussit, & timorem,  
Fuga matura,  
Per maria obscura,  
Aspera & dura,  
Vobis consuluistis,  
Vt bene novistis,

Pro-



*Ad Hispanum.*

Probeque meministis,  
Licet sine honore,  
Non sine rubore,  
Mundi que stupore.  
O Angliæ eversores,  
O præclari victores,  
O promeriti honores!  
Sic sæpe redite,  
Quoties libet venite,  
Et *Anglos punite.*  
Sic operam impendite,  
Sic agros divendite,  
Et sic naves incendite.  
Quis vnquam cogitasset,  
Nisi ipsa confirmasset  
Res, & probasset,  
Patres tam acutos,  
Subtiles, & astutos,  
Calidos, & nasutos,  
Vel prorsus neglexisse,  
Aut parum advertisse,  
Aut non satis persensisse,  
Argumentum a minore,  
Quod suo summo cum honore,  
Magnoque vestro cum dolore,  
Draco vobis necessebat,  
Cum vos ut decebat,  
Pro meritis affligebat,  
Cum vobiscum disputabat,  
Urbes expugnabat,  
Et singula vastabat,  
Nam si ab vno *Dracone*,  
Pufillo homuncione,  
Tanquam a crabrone,  
A vobis excitato,  
Paucis stipato,  
Et vix armato,



*Ad Hispanum.*

Ica estis iēti,  
Vexati, & afflicti,  
Superati, & victi.  
Non erat sapientis,  
Compotis mentis,  
Aut dialecticam callentis,  
Angliam oppugnare,  
Et ridiculē irritare,  
Quæ potest suppeditare,  
Non paucos Dracones,  
Plurimos scorpiones,  
Et innumeros crabrones,  
Quorum nullus recusabit,  
Aut *Hispanum* declinabit;  
Cum res ipsa postulabit:  
Sed se virum vult præstare  
Tam per terram, quàm per mare,  
Vbi libet provocare:  
Licet Domini inquisitores,  
Evangelij osores,  
Et patriæ proditores,  
Cum antesignano  
Suo Romano,  
Et Antichristiano,  
Ista ridebunt,  
Pro fabulis tenebunt,  
Et pro joco habebunt,  
Quia sunt elati,  
Tumidi, & inflati,  
Et prorsus excæcati.  
Verùm hoc lugete,  
Ululate & flete,  
Trepidate, & timete,  
Vivere virunculum,  
Valere homunculum,  
Et strenuum Dracunculum,  
Quem Deus excitavit,



*Ad Hispanum.*

Ab utero segregavit,  
Et in hoc educavit,  
Ut manum extendat,  
Ecclesiam defendat,  
Et vobis rependat  
Sanguinem sanctorum,  
Nec non Indorum,  
A vobis occisorum,  
Et jam arma prendere,  
Naves conscendere,  
Et ad vos contendere.  
Et sic ô Rex valeto,  
Mihique præbeto,  
Aurès, & caveto,  
A fundo, & lapillo,  
Sagitta, & bacillo,  
*Draconis* pusillo,  
Ne te cogat plorare,  
Palinodiam cantare,  
Et turpiter exclamare,  
Ob amissos honores,  
Sumptus, & labores,  
Et Indiæ cultores,  
O si scivissem,  
Aut saltem credidissem,  
Me continuissem,  
Nec Papam amassem,  
Nec filium necassem,  
Nec Deum irritassem:  
Et tunc te accusabunt,  
Salsè subsannabunt,  
Et hereticum clamabunt,  
Examina monstrorum,  
Turba monachorum,  
Fratrum, & sororum,  
Et omnium Deorum  
Deo exosorum,  
Per omnia secula seculorum.

FINIS.